

- CINNA I dreamt tonight that I did feast with Caesar,  
And things unluckily charge my fantasy.  
I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.
- 1<sup>ST</sup> PLEBEIAN What is your name?
- 2<sup>ND</sup> PLEBEIAN Whither are you going?
- 3<sup>RD</sup> PLEBEIAN Where do you dwell?
- 4<sup>TH</sup> PLEBEIAN Are you a married man or a bachelor?
- 2<sup>ND</sup> PLEBEIAN Answer every man directly.
- 1<sup>ST</sup> PLEBEIAN Ay, and briefly.
- 4<sup>TH</sup> PLEBEIAN Ay, and wisely.
- 3<sup>RD</sup> PLEBEIAN Ay, and truly, you were best.
- CINNA What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.
- 2<sup>ND</sup> PLEBEIAN That's as much as to say they are fools that marry. You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed directly.
- CINNA Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.
- 1<sup>ST</sup> PLEBEIAN As a friend or an enemy?
- CINNA As a friend.
- 2<sup>ND</sup> PLEBEIAN That matter is answered directly.
- 4<sup>TH</sup> PLEBEIAN For your dwelling—briefly.
- CINNA Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
- 3<sup>RD</sup> PLEBEIAN Your name, sir, truly.
- CINNA Truly, my name is Cinna.
- 1<sup>ST</sup> PLEBEIAN Tear him to pieces! He's a conspirator.
- CINNA I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet!
- 4<sup>TH</sup> PLEBEIAN Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses!
- CINNA I am not Cinna the conspirator.
- 4<sup>TH</sup> PLEBEIAN It is no matter. His name's Cinna. Pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.
- 3<sup>RD</sup> PLEBEIAN Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho, firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius', burn all! Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's, some to Ligarius'.  
Away, go!